

The Evening World

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TESTING "STERLING" PERSONALITIES.

FROM the roundabout way of Washington come reports that Tammany orators who are to be summoned home from that city to take part in the election here, have been warned to avoid the Tammany issue and counselled to talk about Democratic economy and the Wilson Administration. For home consumption they are to exalt the "sterling personality" of each Tammany candidate while asserting that not one of them will take orders from Tammany. In a special manner it is said Mr. McCall is to be commended as a statesman whom "Murphy would not dare to attempt to influence."

Such tactics will necessarily raise a question as to the authenticity of the Hall mark placed on the candidates. "Sterling" is not in itself a guarantee of excellence. It can be branded easily enough by any fake jeweller upon any plated ware. In this case the voters will surely go behind the brand put upon the candidates and search out their records. This will give prominence to Mr. McCall's relations to Tammany's judicial patronage, both before and after he was on the bench. When the plating is duly rubbed off it may be found he is by no means better metal than his boss, and that the light might just as well have been made for Tammany from the start, as Mr. McCall once said he was going to do.

Of six cases of violation of the labor and factory laws brought into court on a single day this week, no less than three were for the offense of locking the doors of factory lofts. In one case the loft was on the twelfth floor, while the key to the locked door was kept on the seventh. Despite the force of public sentiment behind this law, despite the known dangers of violation, manufacturers seem to have no more hesitation about breaking it than night revellers have about dancing the tango—and perhaps we shall see the closing of that kind of dance before we stop the closing of that kind of door.

TRIANGULAR CONTAINERS FOR POISONS.

A NEWLY-ENACTED ORDINANCE of San Francisco provides that all bottles, boxes or packages containing poisons or medicines not intended for internal use must be of triangular shape. The object, of course, is to prevent accidents resulting from mistaking medicines in the dark or from carelessness in the day time. It is believed the difference between the form of the triangular container and that of those in general use will always be sufficient warning either for the eye that sees or the hand that grasps.

The plan is sufficiently simple to merit consideration throughout the country. If generally adopted the cost of obtaining the necessary triangular vessels would not be greater than that of the customary articles in round or rectangular form. It promises, moreover, to be as efficient as convenient. Of the utility of the innovation it is hardly needed to write. Taking poison through carelessness is so frequent as to constitute a serious percentage of the accidents that are bound to happen in the best regulated families. The plan has the further advantage that it is not necessary for any druggist, or any citizen for that matter, to wait upon legislation before acting. Each may provide the safeguard for himself.

In undertaking to interest advertisers in a campaign for more artistic posters for billboards the Municipal Art Society is able to cite the good examples set in Paris, Berlin and other continental cities; but it should not fail to point out that these good results have been brought about as much by police supervision as by art. A mere suppression of billboard nuisances would help New York a good deal.

MONEY FINDS A WAY.

MUCH of the evidence given in the impeachment of Gov. Sulzer revealed contributions made to him not for campaign purposes but for his personal use. Such, at least, was the statement of the contributors. Several of these gifts were considerable sums, ranging from \$500 to \$10,000. In the aggregate they amounted to enough to furnish a formidable campaign fund had they been used for that purpose.

Popular interest in this phase of the testimony will last longer than the impeachment trial and will not be affected by the decision of the Court, whatever that may be. It is clear if such contributions are frequent in our political struggles, the act regulating "campaign contributions" is going to be of relatively little value. The chief effect will in fact be only that of a change of title given to the contribution. "Millions for personality, not a cent for politics," may become the creed and cry of all plutocracy, and the records of campaign funds received and expended show a modesty of expense that will make a New York election look like that of a charity excursion.

An old proverb has it: "Money, smoke and love cannot be concealed." Neither can they be prevented from having their way. Deny to wealth a right to finance a campaign and it will endow a candidate. Deny it that recourse, it will perpetrate in politics the practices of philanthropy—a statesman's Hero Fund.

Letters From the People

The Husband's Grievance.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reply to the writer who signs himself "Husband," I would say that the majority of husbands do not give a wife an opportunity to show the kindness, courtesy and good nature and love that many a wife cherishes toward her husband. Very often when the husband enters the home and the wife is there ready to greet him affectionately, he uses such phrases as "Oh, in a hurry," "Don't bother me," "I am as busy today," etc. But at the same time he often seems away from home as an abused man and worthy of all consideration as a model husband.

Many husbands never give their wives a second thought, being too absorbed and wrapped up in their own egotism. A great many disagreeable features could be eliminated if both parties would use will and reasoning power. If they lack either let them cultivate them and matters will be adjusted amicably in many homes of discontent.
Albany, N. Y. T. P.

Just Pets

(By The Press Publishing Co.)

By Maurice Ketten



The Family in the Tropics.

I thank you for your kind commendation regarding my lucid and graphic description of the construction and

Mr. Jarr Advises His Boss as to Tropic Needs for Wool Underwear

Yes, it has been a great task to dig the Panama Canal, but, as you say, it is a greater task to read my letters concerning it. I thank you, my wife thanks you, my little boy thanks you!

Twenty Gems Of American Humor

Famous Selections From the Works of Our Country's Foremost Laughmakers.

—JUDGE LONGSTREET, Georgia Theatrics.

RAPT with the enchantment of the season and the scenery around me, I was slowly sinking the slope, when I was startled by loud, profane and boisterous voices which seemed to proceed from a thick covert of undergrowth about two hundred yards in the advance of me, and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"You kin, kin you?"

"Yes, I kin, and am able to do it! Boo-oo-oo! Oh, wake snakes, and walk chalk! Brimstone and fire! Don't hold me, Nick Stoval! The fight's made up, and let's go at it. Bust my soul if I don't jump down his throat!"

"Now, Nick, don't hold him! Just let the wildcat come, and I'll tame him. Ne'll see me a fair fight! Won't you, Ned?"

"Oh, yes; I'll see you a fair fight, blast my old shoes if I don't!"

"That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said when he saw the elephant. Now let him come!"

Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed, which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear.

In mercy's name, thought I, what band of ruffians has selected this holy season and this heavenly retreat for such pandemoniac riot! I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noises proceeded, when my eye caught, indistinctly and at intervals, through the foliage of the dwarf-oaks and hickories which intervened, glimpses of a man, or men, who seemed to be in a violent struggle; and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn, emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows.

I dismounted and hurried to the spot with all speed. I had overcome about half the space which separated it from me when I saw the combatants come to the ground, and, after a short struggle, I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accent of keenest torture:

"Enough! My eye!"

I was so completely horror-struck that I stood transfixed for a moment to the spot where the cry met me. The accomplices in the hellish deed which had been perpetrated had all died at my approach—at least I supposed so, for they were not to be seen.

"Now, blast your corn-shucking soul!" said the victor in youth about eighteen years old as he rose from the ground—"come outtin' your shins! Look me agin, next time I come to the court-house, will you? Get your own eye in agin if you can!"

By this time, I feel sure, you must wish that I would turn from the dry descriptions of the Panama Canal before the water is turned into it, to more light and cheerful topics. So I cannot but believe you will be interested in learning something of the manners and customs houses of the tropics.

Bananas are raised here in great quantities. There are a great many colored people in these latitudes. English and Spanish are spoken, and American is understood. Since the advent of the Americans, prices of all necessaries of life, such as beads, coral, carvings, Chinese curiosities, Panama hats, Nottingham lace curtains, trading stamps, carriage riding, fighting with the police, &c., have advanced greatly in price.

A vendor will have his goods exposed for sale, and a party of American visitors will come along, immediately everything will double and quadruple in value!

Referring again to the subject matter in Paragraph Second of your letter, I, a, the establishment of branch houses for blankets, sweaters, skating caps, pullover sweaters, tippets and other manufactured woolen goods in Cuba, Panama, Jamaica and the West Indies generally, I beg to report that it will be necessary for me to make another trip of inspection along in January before I can make a complete report. At the present season of the year I find the demand for manufactured woolens in the towns of Santiago, Kingston, Colon, Panama and Port Limon extremely light, and the merchants do not seem to be stocked at all. But this may be because they have had special clearing sales of blankets and woolen goods in the spring. Hence, as I state, it will be necessary for me to make another trip in this territory in mid-winter when our products are seasonable.

What encourages me to the belief that there is a market here where, until now, no woolen goods manufacturers had the enterprise to open branch houses or to employ druggists, is the fact that I was shown a newspaper item while there that stated that during the time the French were digging the Panama Canal, some one sold the French Canal Company a hundred steam snow shovels, but through some oversight they were never shipped from Havre.

Trusting that my descriptions in this letter of the Culebra slides, the great dam at Gatun, the monster locks at Pedro Miguel, the great breakwater at Colon, &c., have given you a clear and forcible idea of the greatest engineering feat the world has ever known—the Panama Canal—I close by subscribing myself, yours respectfully,

EDWARD JARR,
Mgr. Jobbing Dept., Smith & Co.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

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MARRIAGE is life's table d'hôte—love, it's carte à jour.

Eve was the first hostess; and ever since she served Adam the apple, Woman has had to suffer for Man's indignation.

A man's love is just a paper mache affair; he begins by presenting a woman with paper valentines, then with paper boxes of candy, then with love-letters, then with checks, and lastly with divorce-papers.

No normal woman yearns to take the downward path that leads to times when she gets awfully tired of climbing the golden stairs in order to reach a man's "ideal."

There are only two sure paths to a man's heart—conquer through your father's pocket-book, or through the stage door.

No, Dearie, a married woman isn't REALLY more attractive than a spinster; she only SEEMS more attractive to a man—because she belongs to somebody else.

Marrying a man merely means being chased with his breakfast and his razor, instead of with his dinner and his favorite brand of wine.

The only way to manage a flighty husband or a flighty horse is to give him his head; as soon as he feels that he is FREE, and the confinement has worn off, you can pull him in again, and he will trot along as quietly as though nothing had happened.

Love always leaves a dent in the heart; and most men's hearts are as dented as a peanut-vender's pint measure—and hold about as much.

Have You a Right to a Grouch?

You Are Your Own Bad Temper's Worst Victim.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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HELEN KELLER, regarded as one of the most wonderful women of her day, claims, in her new book, that a grouch is permissible provided its owner grins sometimes. She says:

"Be happy. Talk happiness. There is sadness enough in the world without yours. Rebel against the hardness and injustice of things as much as you like. It is always well to keep your fighting edge keen to smile wrongs wherever you meet them."

"But never doubt the permanence and excellence of what is yet to be. Joy is the holy fire that keeps our purpose warm and our intelligence aglow. Work without joy shall be as nothing. Resolve to keep happy and your joy and you shall form an invincible host against difficulties."

Helen Keller is one of the few women who can speak understandingly on the subject of happiness and misery. For she must have known both on her way "Out of the Dark," as she has well named her book. It is a fine thing to be an optimist and to advocate the everlasting "smile that won't come off" in accordance with such. Yet it is not entirely human nature, to say the least.

When everything seems to go wrong and nothing will adjust itself as you had intended, and when things grip you

generally, you are inclined to feel very hostile toward the fellow who insists on your smile. In fact, you are tempted to close your fist and "land one" in 2 direction.

For only YOU can feel your own pain—your words, as the case may be. And though some people may throw off the ache more easily than others, their example doesn't help YOU to any great degree.

But if you realize you have some right to your grouch, then, as Helen Keller states, you are not ALWAYS confronted with the old platitude, "Laugh and the world laughs with you." Provided, of course, that you do not corner the market on grouch stock.

That is to say, each of us is entitled to a reasonable amount of sensible grouch, if we exhibit the grin as well. For every grouch may be divided into three parts—that which really exists, that which you take on yourself and that which you look forward to. When you insist upon a MONOPOLY of the three there is no room for the grin. Consequently you are labelled a perpetual grouch and you are shunned by man and beast.

Yet if in the interim you manage to see the HUMOR of things, indulge in a HEARTY LAUGH at a situation and encourage talk about happy things, why, somehow or other you are a grouch to along, it does not have much chance to stay. As an antidote for grouches CULTIVATE a sense of humor. It is the one SAVING element in the whole scheme.

AJL GROUCH AND NO GRIN MAKES THE BLUE DEVILS YOUR CLOSEST KIN.

Too Practical.

THEY were talking about wonderful theories the other afternoon when Congressman Forrest (London of Maine was reminded. He said it recalled how a practical wife entered with genuine wealth a beautifully painted dream.

One evening, so related the Congressman, father sat in a comfortable chair reading his favorite newspaper, while close by was mother, dutifully working a darning needle. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What do you think of that?" he cried, momentarily glancing up from his paper. "It is the most marvellously stupendous thing I ever heard of."

"What?" responded mother, with a questioning look at the old man.

"This paper says," said the Congressman, "that the sea could easily be pumped dry in 12,000,000 years at the rate of 1,000 gallons a second."

For a moment mother was deeply buried in thought. Finally she turned to the lord and master.

"Say, Henry," she quietly remarked, when would they put all the water?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Truth About It.

THE Gettysburg monument, and as it grew, was not all said," said Col. Allen Harkness, a veteran of Portland, Maine.

A good war story was swapped between the North and the South at Gettysburg.

I myself told a good story about a veteran

his prowess at Gettysburg and Chickamauga and other battles, and one day a group of fellow

townsmen fell to talking about him.

"There's one thing," said the doctor, "that I'd like to know. I'd like to know for certain how

many of the boys in gray have really and truly

did get away with."

"Well, I can't speak on that," said the

minister, with a twinkle in his eye, "but it looks

to me, doctor, when you come right down to

it, that the boys in gray were never shipped from

Havre."

Trusting that my descriptions in this

letter of the Culebra slides, the great

dam at Gatun, the monster locks at

Pedro Miguel, the great breakwater

at Colon, &c., have given you a clear

and forcible idea of the greatest en-

gineering feat the world has ever known—

the Panama Canal—I close by sub-

scribing myself, yours respectfully,

EDWARD JARR,
Mgr. Jobbing Dept., Smith & Co.

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THE EVENING WORLD WILL PAY A CASH PRIZE OF \$25 FOR THE BEST ACCOUNT OF "HOW I GOT MY FIRST RAISE."

The story must be true in every detail and subject to confirmation. It must give the writer's actual experience in obtaining his first increase of salary.

For what service or series of services was the raise awarded? What circumstances caused it? Tell the story briefly, simply, naturally, without exaggerations or attempts at fine writing.

Confine your narrative to 250 words or less—preferably less. Write on only one side of the paper. Address "First Raise Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1334, New York City."